

THURSDAY

# The One Who Forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER Lyster has lost his memory from shell shock on the Western Front. Upon his return to England he fails to recognize whom he became engaged before going to France. Nan has returned to her home, due to the death of her stepmother, to take care of her three young step-brothers. She is still in touch with

JOAN ENDICOTT, in London, who is expecting her husband on leave, and who told her that Peter and a fellow officer,

JOHN ARNOTT, were spending their leave at the home of Arnott's widowed sister not far from the Marray estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister, and very much displeased with the attentions of

HARLEY SEFTON, a money

lender, who claims to have been a friend of Peter's before he went away. Peter also failed to recognize him when they met. Sefton has told Nan that both her father and Peter owe him great sums of money.

Nan is walking through the woods near her home, crying over her fate, when she meets Peter. She tries to explain her tears and soon becomes quite flippant with "The Man Who Forgot." They have walked back to the fence surrounding the Marray estate when Nan expresses a doubt of her ability to vault the stile.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

It's such a long time since I lived in the country that I've forgotten the way to climb a

stile," Nan said; her heart was hammering in her throat.

"The best way is to give me your hands—stand on the top bar and jump," he declared. "Give me your hands."

Nan was sure that he must feel that she was trembling, but he took her hands firmly and steadied her. "Now—one, two, three—jump!" he said.

His face was raised to her as she stood above him—she could see his eyes plainly in the faint moonlight, with their half-laughing, half-embarrassed expression.

His cap had got pushed a little to one side, and an obstinate lock of hair which she remembered never would lie down and behave had straggled out and lay across his forehead, giving him a singularly boyish appearance.

Nan looked at him, and suddenly the moonlight seemed blotted out and the whole world to be swimming around her. She swayed giddily, and would have fallen but for his upholding hands.

"Oh!" she said, weakly. "Oh, I'm falling!"

But in a moment his arm was around her, and she was safely beside him on the soft grass.

He kept his arm about her for a moment; he made her stand with her back to the stile. There was a puzzled sort of look on his face.

"I'm afraid you really have forgotten about being a country girl," he said, presently.

Nan opened her eyes. "That's what it must be—I've never turned giddy before—how silly of me—"

She pushed her hair back from her forehead.

"And now, having made an exhibition of myself for the second time," she said, "I think I had better go home, or there will be a third time, and you know what people say about the third time?"

Peter Lyster looked at her steadily.

"Miss Marray—will you tell me something?" he asked.

Nan was brushing a dried leaf from her sleeve.

"Will I?" she echoed flippantly.

"Why, of course." She raised her eyes to his face. "What is it?" she asked, smiling.

But Peter was grave.

"Tell me why you were crying when I met you?" he said.

A little bat whirled by overhead, cutting the air with its gauzy wings; it flashed away like a shadow in the moonlight. Nan

came when she would have to go back and live with her again.

She resented Joan's very obvious hint about John Arnott. "As if I could ever care for another man," she told herself passionately.

Nan was changing her frock upstairs in the afternoon when she heard a car drive up the road and stop at the gate. She looked out of her window curiously, then the blood flew to her cheeks in a rush of crimson. John Arnott was getting out of the car; he turned to give his hand to a woman in black, "His sister!" Nan told herself.

She rushed to the head of the stairs, and called to the little maid: "Are you dressed?—Mary—are you dressed?"

It was an enormous relief to get an answer in the affirmative. She whispered instructions over the balusters:

"Some people are calling—ask them in the drawing room, and say I will be down in a minute—oh, and, Mary—keep the boys out of the way—and, for heaven's sake, mind that the cake doesn't burn—it's in the oven."

She twisted her hair up anyhow—her hands shook as she fastened her frock.

"I don't know why on earth I'm

so excited," she thought. Her heart was pounding traitorously as she went down the stairs.

The drawing room door was closed, and Nan stood for a moment outside.

When at last she went into the room there was a little flush in her cheeks, but she smiled composedly enough as she went forward.

Arnott was standing staring at a picture. He wheeled round as the door opened. He began a clumsy introduction, but his sister cut him short.

"I have heard so much of Miss Marray that there isn't any need for us to be formally introduced, John," she said. She gave Nan her hand.

"My brother has spoken of you so much, I feel as if I know you already," she said.

"You are very kind," Nan said, but her cheeks felt hot.

Arnott seemed to read her thoughts, for he said suddenly: "Lyster came along with us, but he spotted your young brothers on the road and insisted on getting out and walking home with them, Miss Marray. Topping little chaps, aren't they? They wouldn't have

much to say to me, but they were all over Peter."

Nan's eyes shone. "Peter was always fond of children," she said, unthinkingly. Arnott's sister looked up quickly. "You know Mr. Lyster well?" she asked, in faint surprise.

"I Oh, no—at least . . ." Nan stammered and hesitated: she looked appealingly at John.

He rushed into the breach. "Miss Marray has met him when we've been together once or twice," he said; "that is all . . ."

He followed Nan to the tea-table. "I say, let me help," he urged. "I'm a dabster at pouring out tea and passing cups and things."

Doris Mears watched them silently across the room; she was a slightly-bult woman, rather below average height, with extremely small hands and feet, of which she was inordinately proud.

"Mr. Lyster be coming along, then?" Nan asked presently; she tried hard to make her question appear casual, but to the other woman there was a sort of suppressed eagerness in her voice.

"He didn't say," she answered sweetly. "They all turned off into the woods. I shouldn't trouble to have any tea for them."

"It's no trouble," Nan said. "The

boys will be hungry, anyway."

"I'm not going to like her," was the dismayed thought in her heart. "And she isn't going to like me, either."

She was ashamed of the instinct; she liked Arnott well enough to wish to like his sister also.

She took her cup and went over to sit down beside Doris. "I hear you have a little boy," she said. "I wish you had brought him with you."

Mrs. Mears laughed, and raised one small hand deprecatingly. "He's a darling, but I'm a perfect wreck after ten minutes with him, so I always leave him at home. He loves Peter, too, Miss Marray. I'm afraid he gives him an awful time."

"Peter likes it," said Arnott; he spoke rather indistinctly, as his mouth was full of cake. "Peter—hullo! here they come . . ."

(To Be Continued)

Walter Stanton on Moon street is recovering from a week's illness.

Mrs. George Clark, a guest for several months at the home of her brother, Dr. G. T. Van Voorhes, leaves this week for her home in Chicago.

## Espee Announces New Tahoe Service

Effective July 1, new sleeping car service will be inaugurated from California to the east, via Lake Tahoe, according to announcement made by Lawson Overman, district passenger agent of the Southern Pacific.

The Southern Pacific Company has recently constructed a new broad gauge line into Lake Tahoe from Truckee, and during the summer months through passengers to the east can leave San Francisco on train 6 at 6:20 p.m., arriving at Lake Tahoe the next morning. Sleeping car will be set out at the lake, leaving again the same evening for the east—car to be handled from Lake Tahoe on the Overland Limited.

Miss Annie Walker of Los Angeles is enjoying a two-weeks vacation at the homes of her sister and niece, Mrs. James Wilkinson and Mrs. Tom Willacy.

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"My brother has spoken about you so often."

watched it mechanically—the fever in her veins seemed to have quieted; her face looked very young in the pale light.

Lyster came a step nearer. "Tell me," he said again.

"I can't," said Nan. "Oh, I can't . . ."

Their eyes met. "You mean that you won't," Lyster asked.

Nan laughed then—a little reckless laugh.

"Perhaps—some day," she said. "Perhaps—some day."

Lyster took off his cap and brushed the hair back from his forehead.

"I shall hold you to that promise," he said.

The morning brought Nan a letter from Joan Endicott. The wonderful Tim had arrived, and apparently all was sunshine.

"I haven't really time to write at all," so she began her letter. "Tim is fidgeting round, begging me to go out with him, but I thought I ought just to write you a note and say how happy I am. I am wearing the pink blouse you made, and Tim says he has never seen me look so pretty. The time is flying—a whole day gone already—Nan—Tim says that he thinks the war will be over this year, but I can't help feeling that he only says it to comfort me. I think of you a great deal, and wonder how you are getting on, and if you have seen anything of Peter Lyster or Mr. Arnott. You know, Nan, I think Mr. Arnott was just a little taken with you! He looked at you such a lot, and the day he came here after you had gone to Leavenden, he was most absurdly disappointed. I should love to see you settled down and happy. Nan—after all, Peter isn't the only man in the world. I told Tim about what had happened, and he was very sympathetic, but he says that life is too short to spend it in grieving, and that if anything happened to him he would rather know that I had found some man to look after me and be kind to me, than to think of me being unhappy all my life . . . Isn't it sweet and unselfish of him?"

Nan tossed the letter aside. It was so like Joan—full of little aimless trivialities. She wondered apprehensively if the day would ever



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